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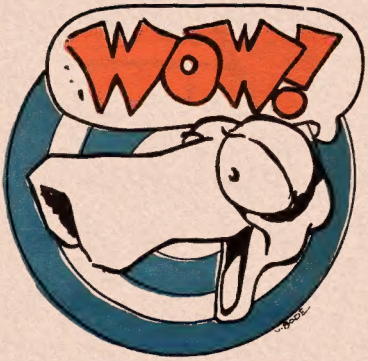

Dr. Peepee

"THE ARTFUL DEPARTURE OF THE JIVINGEST, MOST BELOVED, LEFT-LEANING TOAD IN DA' U.S.A"... ©1969

EDITOR: VAUGHN BODE CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: ROBERT CRUMB, KIM DEITCH AND SPAIN
ART DIRECTOR: PETER MIKALATUNAS PUBLISHER + CAPITALIST EXPLOITER: PETER LEGGIERI

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THE GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS LTD, INC. IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 116 ST. MARKS PLACE, N.Y., N.Y. 10009
ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION 3.00 FOR 12 ISSUES...

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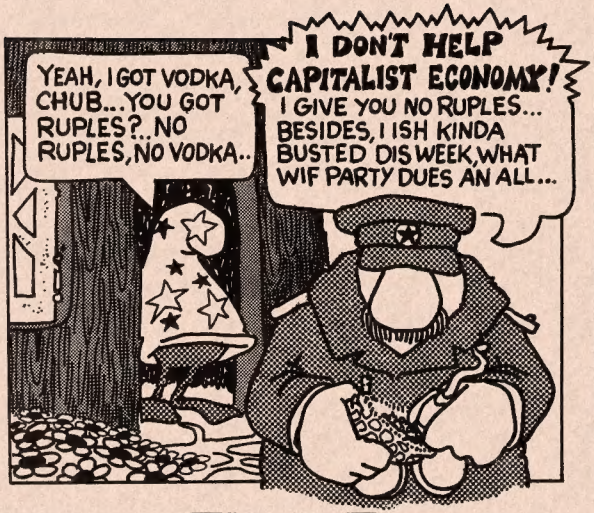
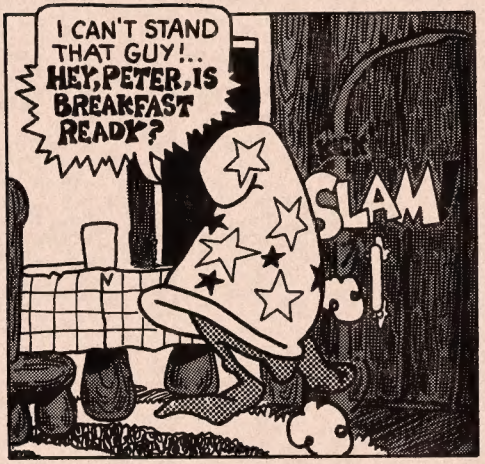
1. CHEECH WIZARD "THE RACE TO THE MOON"

BY VAUGHN BODE'

ALL RIGHT, COMMIE SAM, IF YOUSE IS SERIOUS ABOUT DIS DUMB RACE IN SPACE YOU CAN COME IN AN GIVE ME DA DETAILS...
YOU GOT VODKA, VIZARD?..I NOT COME IN IF YOU GOT NO VODKA.....


YEAH, I GOT VODKA, CHUB...YOU GOT RUPLES?..NO RUPLES, NO VODKA..
I DON'T HELP CAPITALIST ECONOMY! I GIVE YOU NO RUPLES... BESIDES, I ISH KINDA BUSTED DIS WEEK, WHAT WIF PARTY DUES AN ALL...


I CAN'T STAND THAT GUY!.. HEY, PETER, IS BREAKFAST READY?
SLAM

AHH, GOOD BOY, PETER, MY APPRENITICE YOU KNOW...HEY, COMMIE, YOU HAVE BREAKFAST YET?...
GEE WIZ.
VELL,....I...AH...NO! HASN'T, AS A MATTER OF FACT..I GIVE MY BREAKFAST TO DA HUNGRY WORKERS IN DA FIELDS...YUM DAT DO SMELLS GOOD!..

WELL, IT CERTAINLY TOO BAD DERS ONLY ENOUGH FOR ME... MMM, I JUST LOVES FLAP JACKS...

HA, VELL I DON'T VANT ANY OF YOUSE YANKEE JACK FLAPS!..I EAT ONLY GOOD VITAMIN ENRICHED SOVIET FOOD...FOOEY ON YOUR LOUSEY JACK FLAPS!!.. ANYWAY, I IS STOPPIN' ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE YOUSE DA RULES FOR OUR SPACE RACE...YUM...
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE. FOR SURE.

AS A RISING YOUNG IBM EXECUTIVE "ON-THE-GO", I WAS A "WASHOUT"!... UNTIL S+M TAUGHT ME HOW TO

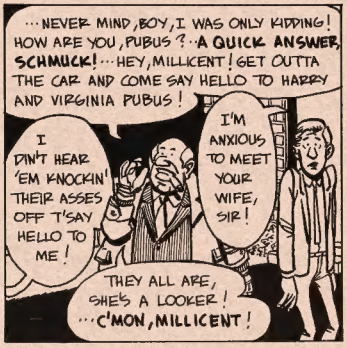
LICK THE BOSS'S ASS!

A true story from S+M's files, from HARRY PUBUS of Manhattan!

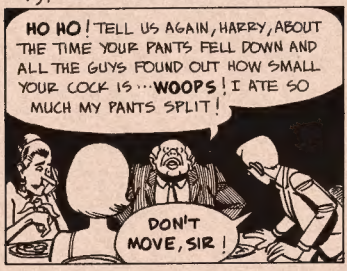
© Roger Brand, S+M archivist, 1969

BOY, DID I HAVE THE JITTERS! OLD "B.S." HIMSELF, COMING TO MY HOUSE FOR DINNER, FOR THE FIRST TIME!

WHEN THE BOSS ARRIVED, I WAS SO NERVOUS I "HAD AN ACCIDENT"! WHAT A START! I WISHED I WAS DEAD!



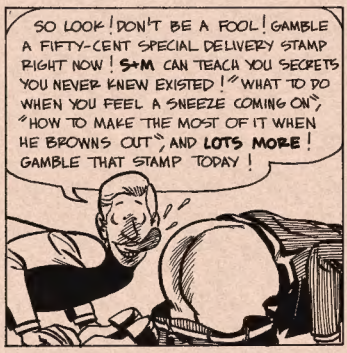
I FELT SO BAD I ALMOST "HAD ANOTHER ACCIDENT"! BUT AS THE EVENING WORE ON, ENTIRELY AT MY EXPENSE (AND I DESERVED IT!), FINALLY... MY BREAK CAME!



THIS WAS MY CHANCE! I MUST NOT "MUFF" IT!

WHEN I WAS FINISHED, THE BOSS KNEW I WAS "ON THE BEAM" WHEN I TALKED ABOUT AROMA AND BOUQUET. S+M TOLD ME THAT ONLY A PROPERLY AGED ANUS, LIKE MY BOSS', COULD HAVE SUCH SPLENDID QUALITIES.

NOW, I'M AN ASSISTANT VICE-PRES, AT A **SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN SALARY**! I'M IN A POSITION OF PRESTIGE IN THE COMMUNITY... HAVING FUN, TOO!



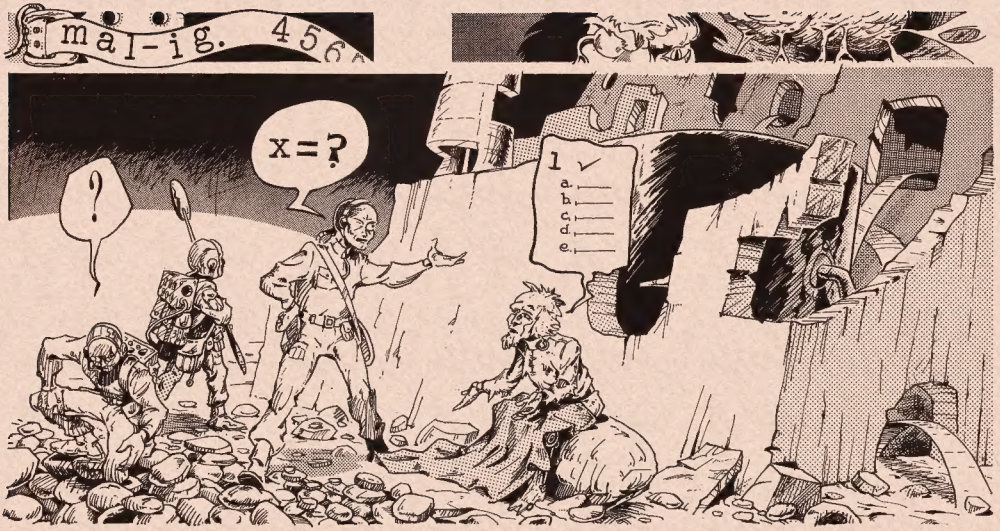
YES! MY TONGUES A-ITCHIN'... I WANT TO CASH **FAT JUICY CHECKS** AND BE A **BIG BREADWINNER** IN THE "SUCTION" GAME! SEND ME YOUR **FREE SAMPLE KIT**! ...I'M A-DROOLIN'!

NAME (OR OTHER HUMILIATING DESIGNATION) _____

PLACE WHERE YOU CAN BE CONTACTED (...WITHOUT OUR MESSENGER BEING SPATCH) _____

DO WE SOUND CONTEMPTUOUS?... NO SUCH THING! WE AIN'T FORGETTING... **YOU'RE PATRIOTIC!**

MAL-IG
LEVEL 3
MUTATE BRAIN DAMAGE
MOBL INFECT
YANS
ZZZK
BUNK!
&
KLIK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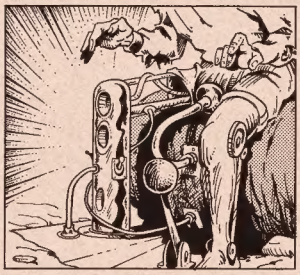
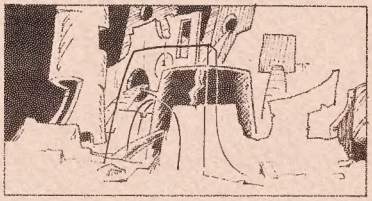
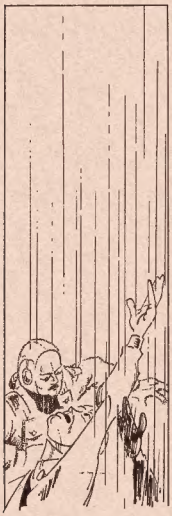
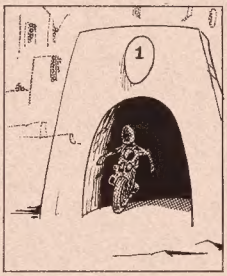


(KLIK!)



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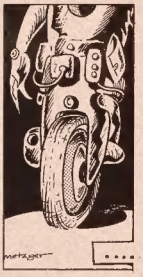
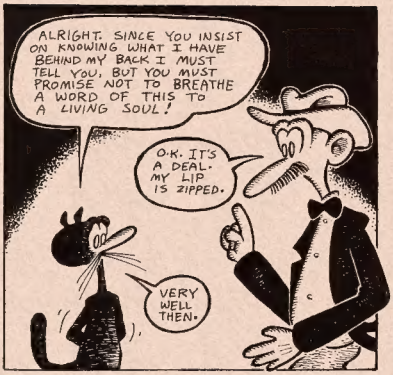

metzger

FEELIN' GLUM AN' BLOOZEY? WELL GET SET FOR SOME HIGH FREQUENCY LAFFS THAT'LL PERK UP YER SPIRITS AN' UNZIP YER OL' LIBIDOS! READY OR NOT, HERE THEY COME! IT'S...

NARD 'N PAT

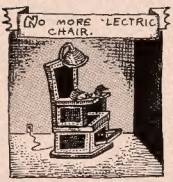
by JAYZEY LYNCH

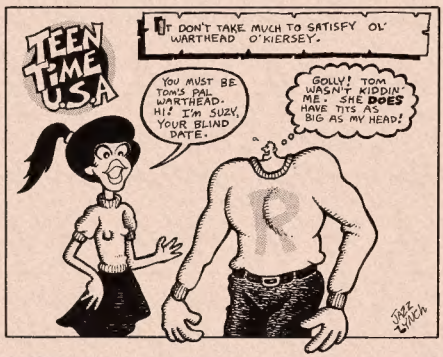


WITH A BOP-BOPPA-LUBOP-A-LOP-BOP-BOOM! IT'S...

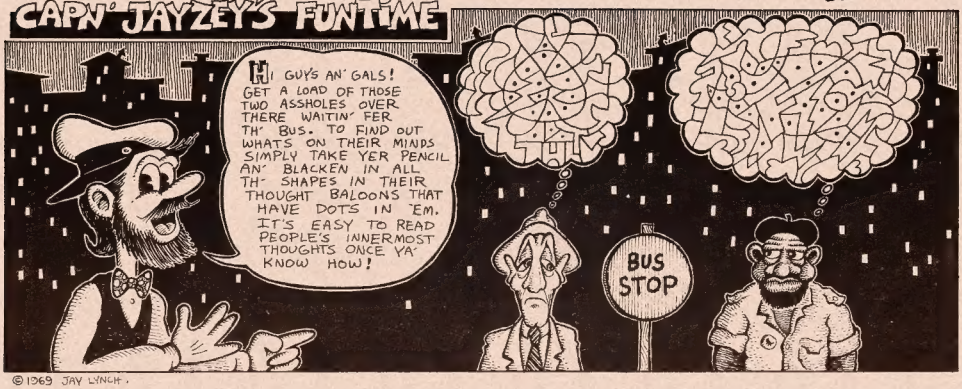
REVOLUTIONARY RHYTHM

by Abbigail Van Hoffman





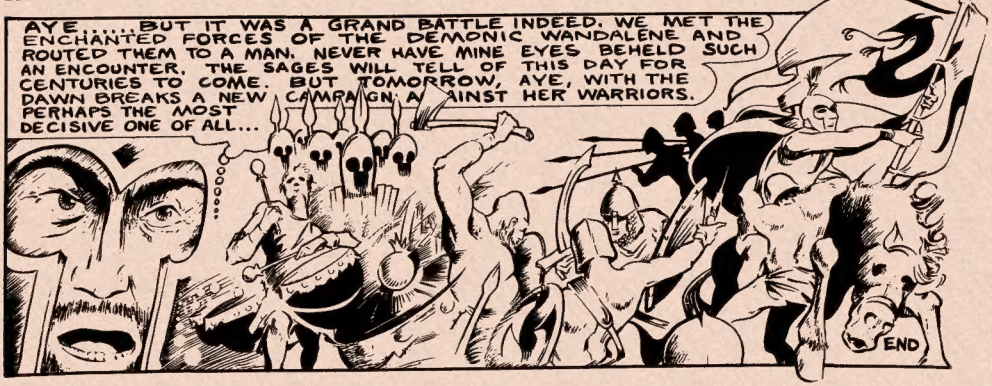
CAPN' JAYZEY'S FUNTIME

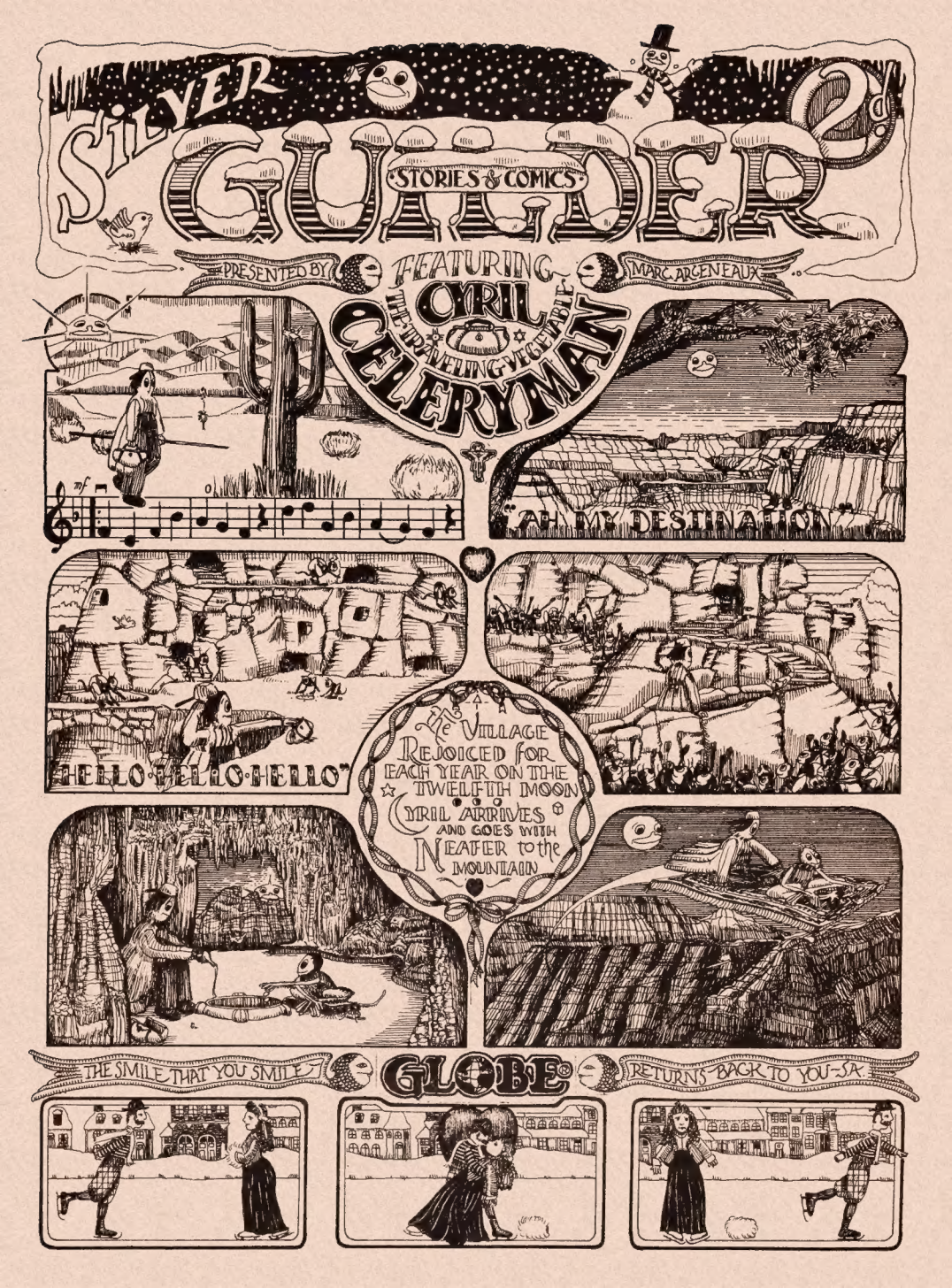


©1969 JAY LYNCH

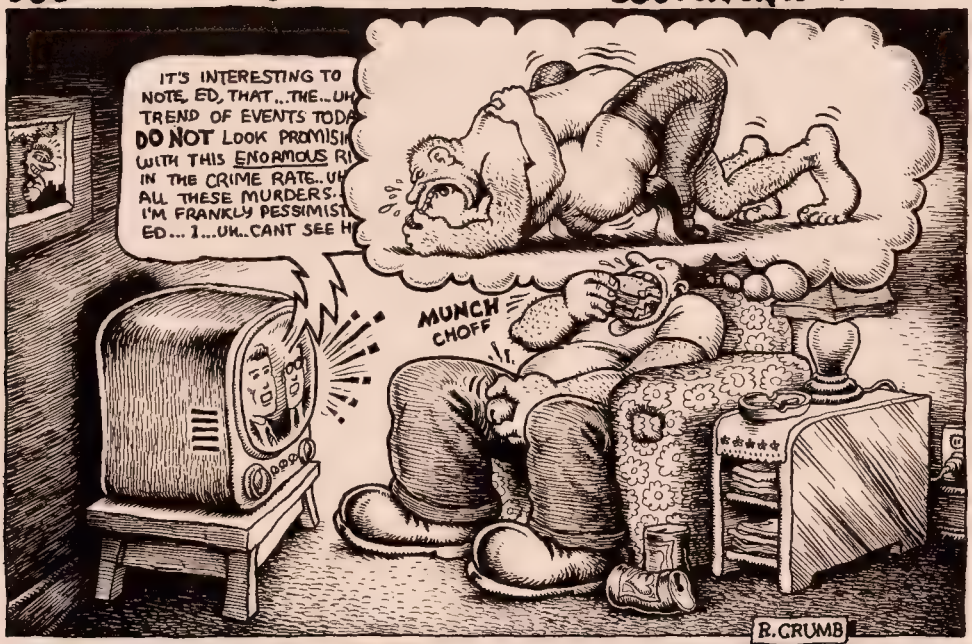
The Darkling Plain

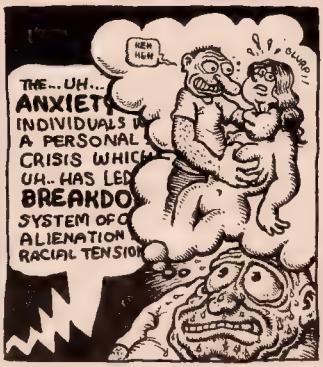
HAWK BHOB HAYDOCK

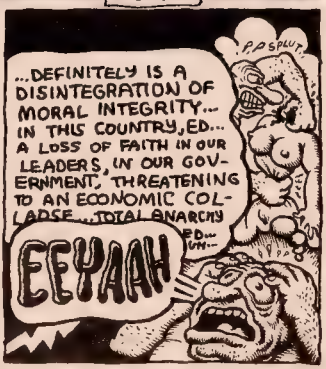



SILVER GUIDER
2d
STORIES & COMICS
PRESENTED BY
FEATURING
CYRIL
THE TRAVELING VEGETABLE
CELERYMAN
MARC ARCENEAUX
"AH MY DESTINATION"
"HELLO·HELLO·HELLO"
The Village Rejoiced for each year on the twelfth moon
Cyril arrives and goes with Neafer to the mountain
THE SMILE THAT YOU SMILE
GLOBE
RETURNS BACK TO YOU-SA

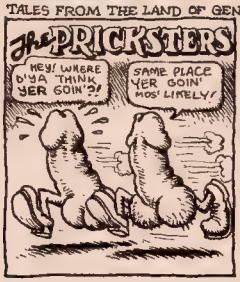
SHOOSHOO BABY

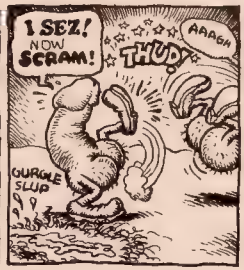






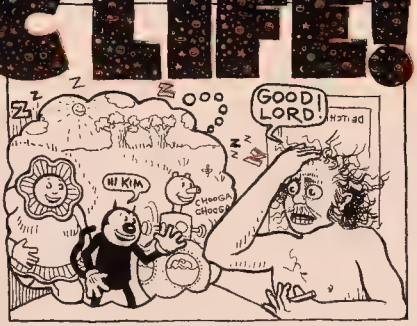
TALES FROM THE LAND OF GENITALIA

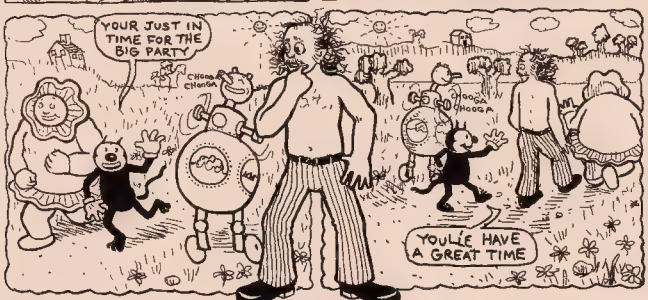


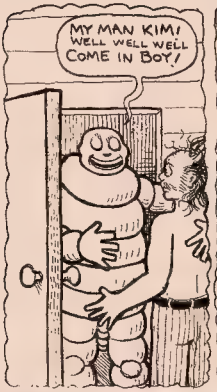


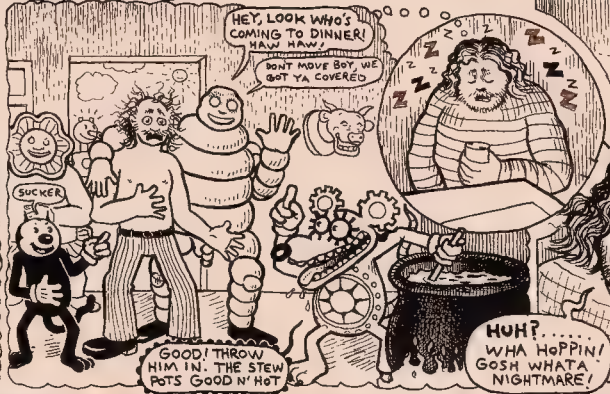
TO SEE THE WORLD IN A GRAIN OF SAND,
AND HEAVEN IN A WILD-FLOWER,
TO HOLD INFINITY IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND
AND ETERNITY IN AN HOUR.
—BILLIE BLAKE
GRAIN of SAND COMIX
©1969 art spiegelman
QUENTIN FESTER SPENDS A DAY IN THE COUNTRY, AND TAKES A MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL...
DO MY EYES AND MIND DECEIVE ME?...
...A POTTY!
WELL, "NEVER PASS A POTTY" MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY.
WHAT'S THIS? I'M BEING SUCKED IN!
LORDY! IT SEEMS THAT THIS TOILET BOWL IS SWALLOWING ME... IT'S MORE THAN PASSING STRANGE. MMM... YES...
IT'S DARK AND DANK AND DEEP IN HERE, AND I DO BELIEVE—
—I'M FALLING!
OOH—HELP! I MAY DIE... I HOPE IT DOESN'T HURT!
A SOFT LANDING! HOW FINE!
WELL, QUENTIN FESTER! FOR THE LOVE OF GROOTCH! YOU'RE OVER THREE HOURS LATE!
HUNH! (I DONT BELIEVE ALL THIS, AND BESIDES— I WANT TO GO HOME! I MEAN, WHAT NEXT!)
FESTORIA
WHAT NEXT INDEED ?!?
TUNE IN NEXT TIME AND FIND OUT!

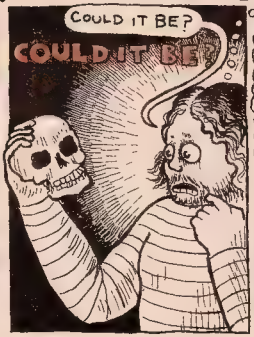
☆☆☆A DAY IN THE COMIC LIFE!

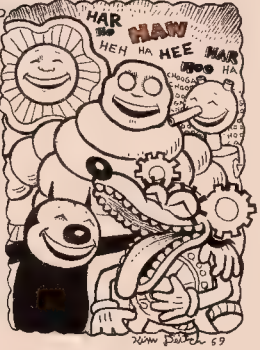


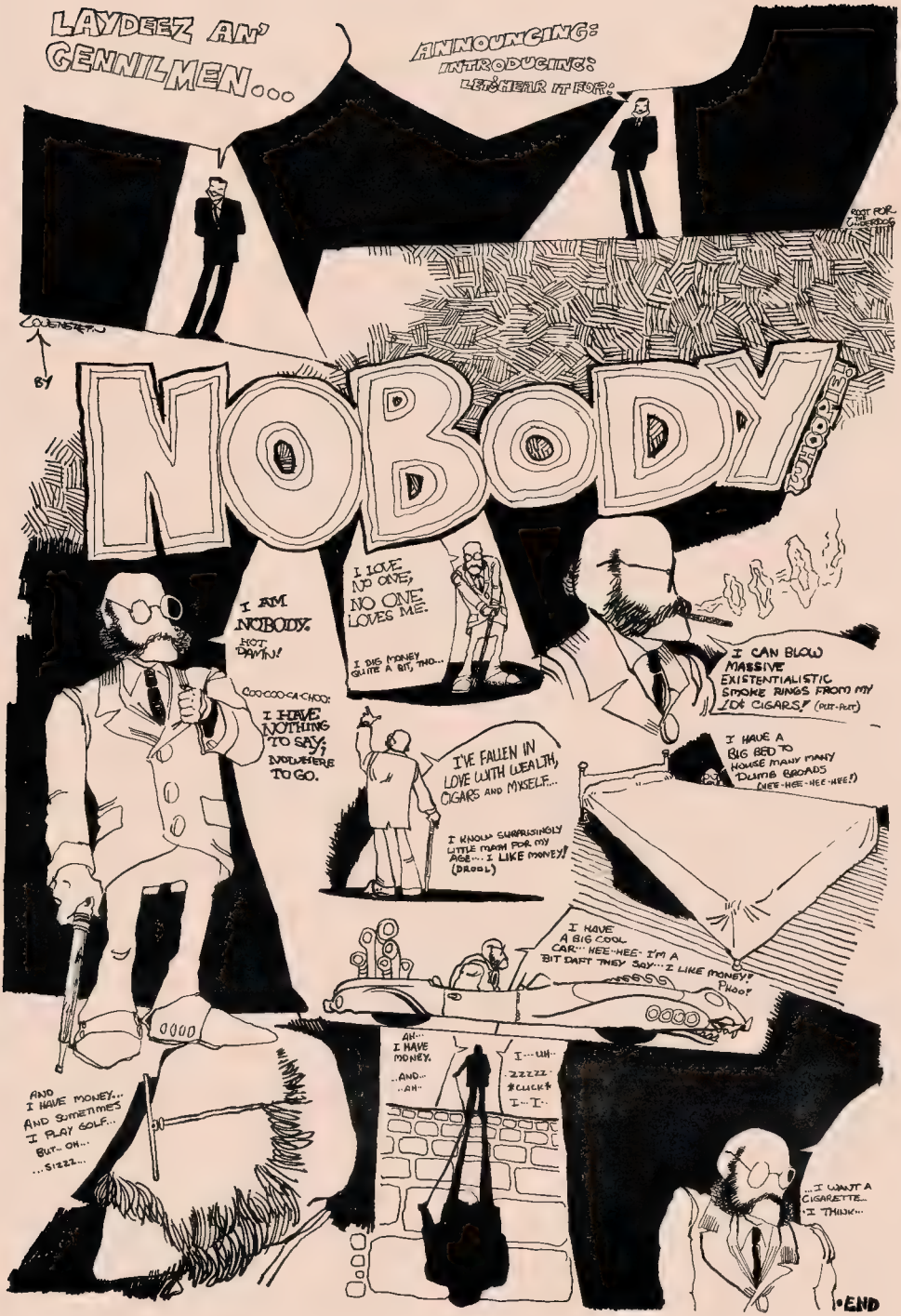


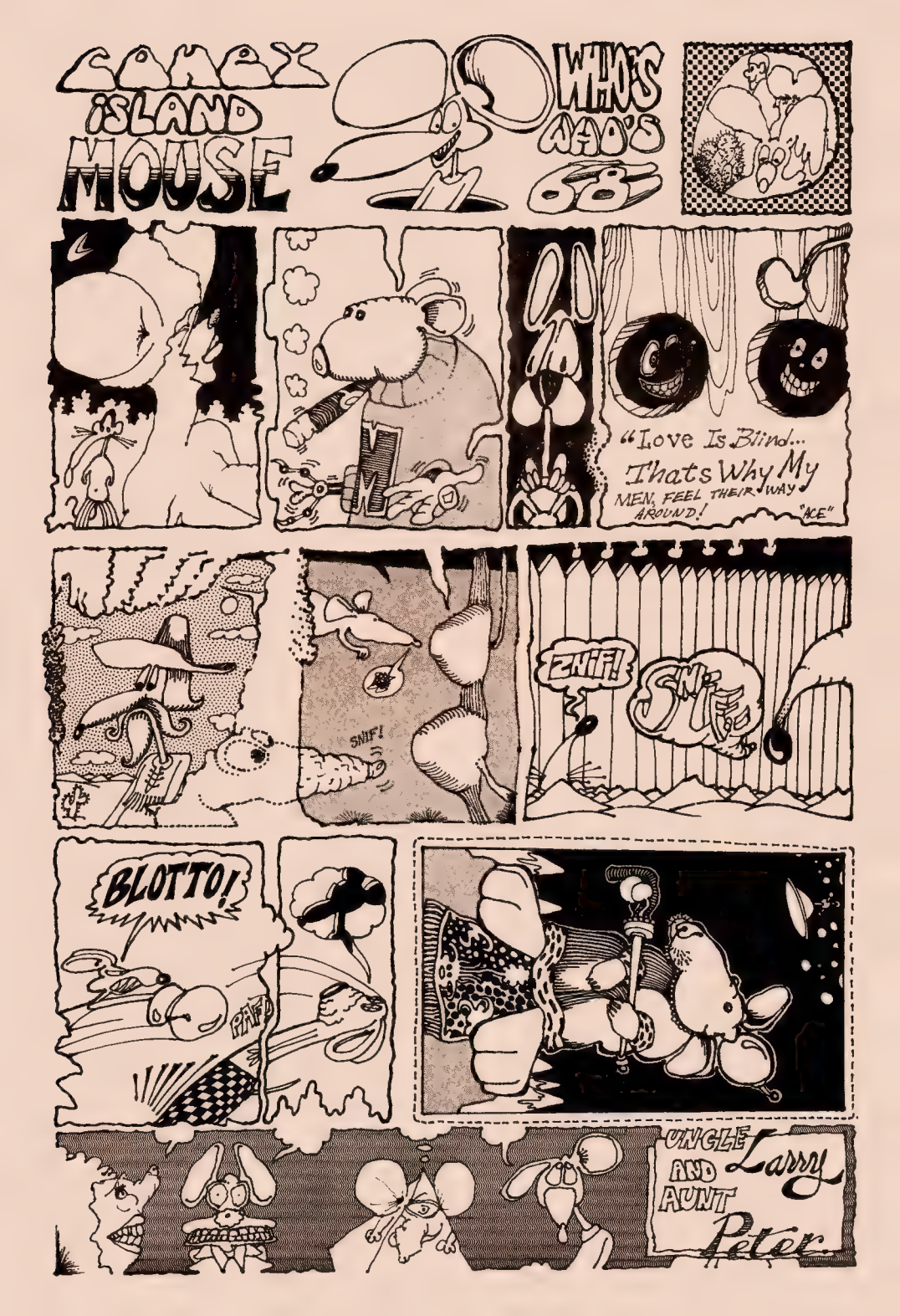




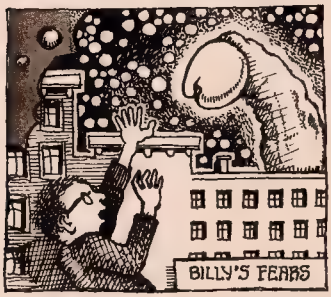


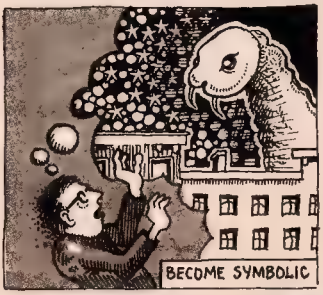


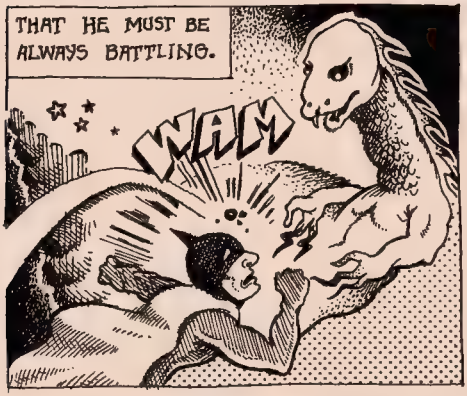

LAYDEEZ AN' GENNILMEN...
ANNOUNCING: INTRODUCING: LET'S HEAR IT FOR:
BOOT FOR... THE UNDERDOG
COLLISTER
BY
NOBODY
COHOOPLIS
I AM NOBODY. NOT DAMN!
COO-COO-CA-CHOO: I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY; NOWHERE TO GO.
I LOVE NO ONE, NO ONE LOVES ME.
I DIG MONEY QUITE A BIT, TWO...
I CAN BLOW MASSIVE EXISTENTIALISTIC SMOKE RINGS FROM MY 10¢ CIGARS! (PUT-PUT)
I HAVE A BIG BED TO HOUSE MANY MANY DUMB BROADS (HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!)
I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH WEALTH, CIGARS AND MYSELF...
I KNOW SURPRISINGLY LITTLE MATH FOR MY AGE... I LIKE MONEY! (DROOL)
I HAVE A BIG COOL CAR... HEE-HEE- I'M A BIT DAFT THEY SAY... I LIKE MONEY! PHOOT
AND I HAVE MONEY... AND SOMETIMES I PLAY GOLF... BUT- OH... ...SIZZZ...
AH... I HAVE MONEY. ..AND... ..AH..
I...UH.. ..ZZZZZ. *CLICK* I...I..
..I WANT A CIGARETTE... I THINK..
•END

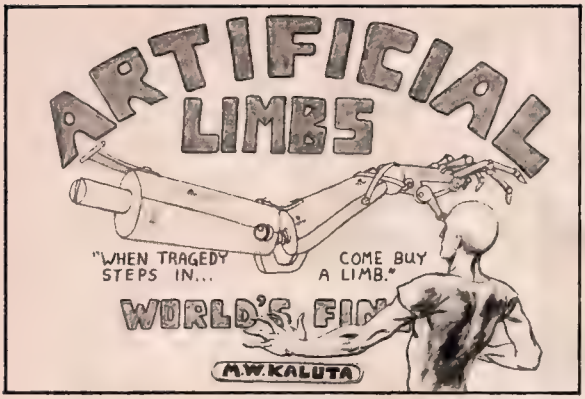

CONEY ISLAND MOUSE
WHO'S MAD'S 68
"Love Is Blind... That's Why My MEN FEEL THEIR WAY AROUND!
"ICE"
SNIF!
ZNIF!
SNIF
BLOTTO!
PAFF
UNCLE Larry AND AUNT Peter

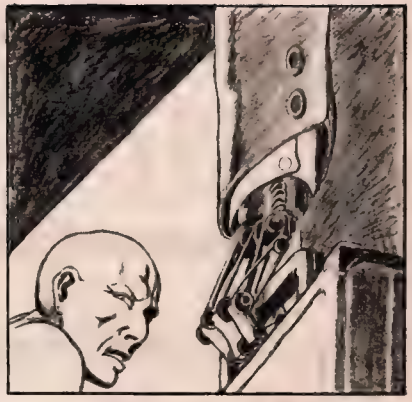
BILLY SMITH IDENTIFIES WITH CAPTAIN SNAZZ BECAUSE CAPTAIN SNAZZ IS A COCKLESS HE-MAN (OR HIS SOCIETY SAYS) AND SO...





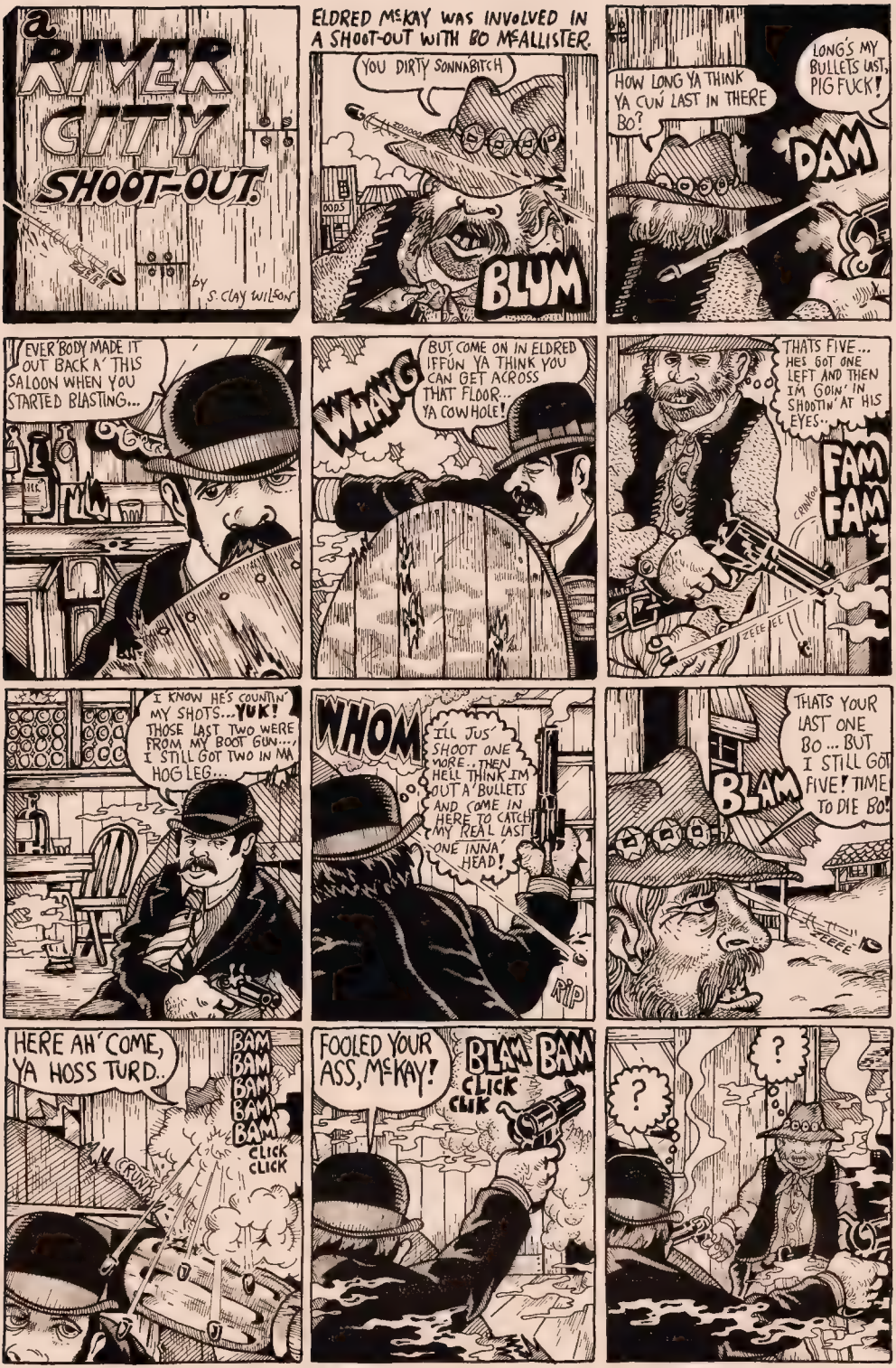



ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
"WHEN TRAGEDY STEPS IN...
COME BUY A LIMB."
WORLD'S FIN
M.W. KALUTA



CALL

BOY! THAT GUY WAS REALLY NUTS!


a RIVER CITY SHOOT-OUT.
by S. CLAY WILSON
ELDRED McKAY WAS INVOLVED IN A SHOOT-OUT WITH BO McALLISTER.
YOU DIRTY SONNABITCH
BLUM
HOW LONG YA THINK YA CUN LAST IN THERE BO?
LONG'S MY BULLETS LAST, PIG FUCK!
DAM
EVER'BODY MADE IT OUT BACK A' THIS SALOON WHEN YOU STARTED BLASTING...
WHANG
BUT COME ON IN ELDRED IFFUN YA THINK YOU CAN GET ACROSS THAT FLOOR.. YA COWHOLE!
THATS FIVE... HES GOT ONE LEFT AND THEN IM GOIN' IN SHOOTIN' AT HIS EYES..
FAM FAM
I KNOW HE'S COUNTIN' MY SHOTS... YUK! THOSE LAST TWO WERE FROM MY BOOT GUN..., I STILL GOT TWO IN MA HOG LEG...
WHOM
I'LL JUS' SHOOT ONE MORE.. THEN HE'LL THINK IM OUT A' BULLETS AND COME IN HERE TO CATCH MY REAL LAST ONE INNA HEAD!
RIP
THATS YOUR LAST ONE BO... BUT I STILL GOT FIVE! TIME TO DIE BO!
BLAM
HERE AH' COME, YA HOSS TURD..
BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM CLICK CLICK
FOOLED YOUR ASS, McKAY!
BLAM BAM CLICK CLIK
?
?

ON FROM THEIR PERILOUS MISSION FOR MORE DOPE, COME THE REVOLUTIONARIES!

LARRY S. TODD'S ZUNWAR INTERSALACTIC UNDERGROUND FUNNY PAPERS!

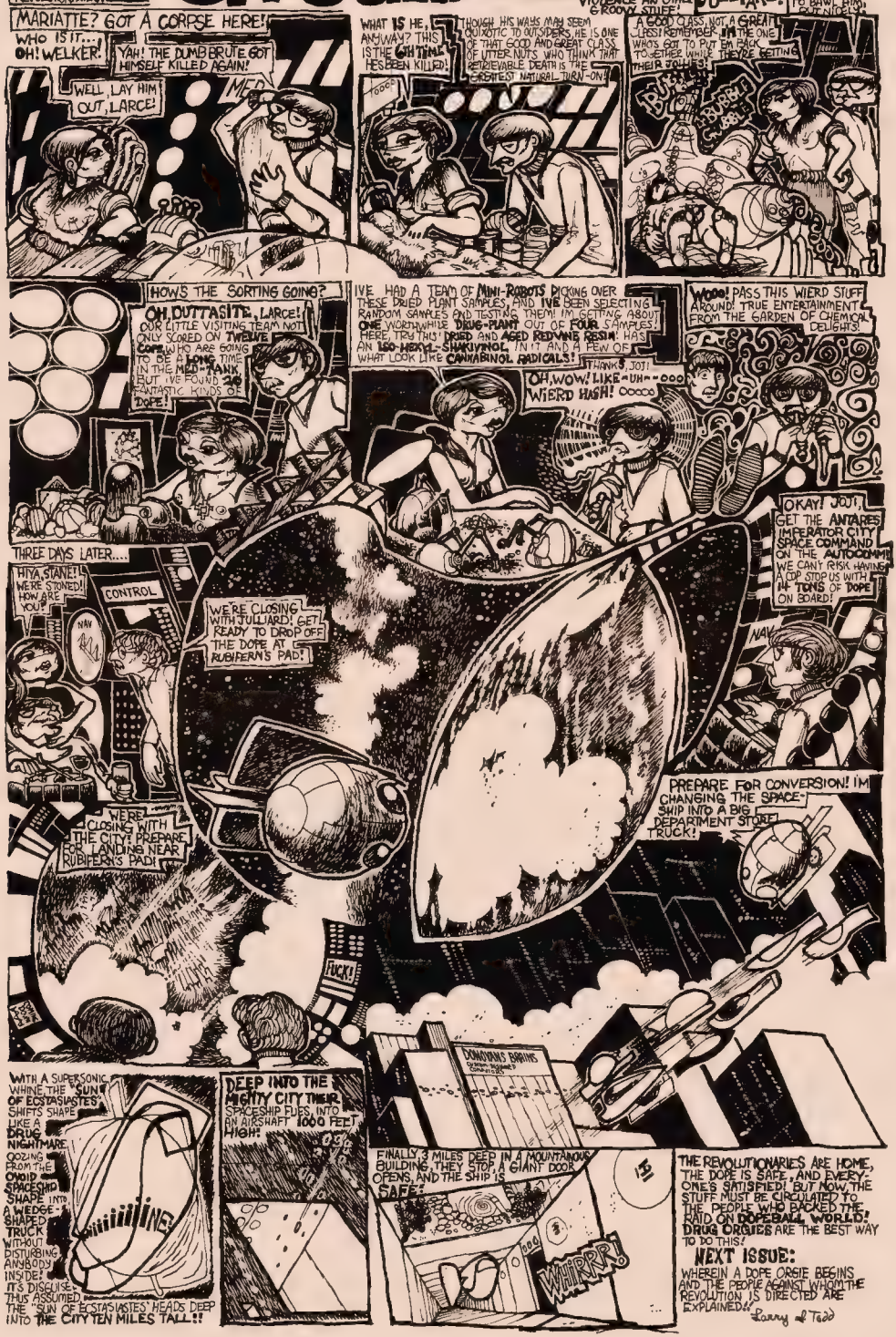
ON JULLIARD

IN THE 122ND CENTURY! GRAND TALES OF GORE, BLOOD, SEX, DRUGS, VICE, VIOLENCE AN OTHER GROOVY STUFF!

OMEGMA #3

JULLIARD!

TRUISM FOR THE DAY! WELL, HE'LL BE ALIVE AGAIN IN ABOUT 6 HOURS! I WANT TO BAWL, BUT CAN'T!



CITIZENS OF THE
WELL MAGGIE, LOTS OF MEN DON'T WHITTLE
OVERWORLD
SQEE SQEE SQUEE SQEE SQEE SQEE SQEE SQEE
IZENS OF
HEBORON CAN BE WRONG
OF COURSE DEAR BUT GOD CANT
IM SORY DR LIFEDARE
WE DO NOT WISH TO DEPRIVE YOU OF ANY FREEDOM EXCEPT THE FREEDOM TO BE IRRESPONSIBLE
NELTU MIRADA LALTU
SPAK
UP AGAINST THE WALL MOFO
INSIDE EVERY MADONA IS A PROSTITUTE SCREAMING TO BE RELEASED
IS ALIEN SEX POSSIBLE?

FUTURE COMICS

WELL FOLKS, IT'S 1999, AND WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE NEW YORK MUSEUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE....

THEY SAY THIS GUY WAS REALLY SOMETHIN'

WONDER WHAT EVER BECAME OF HIM???

UNCLE ED KING OF EVIL

AS FOR OUR HERO?, DON'T WORRY, HE'S STILL AROUND, MAKING HIS WAY DOWN A SOMEWHAT CHANGED 2ND AVE..

BAR

HEY BUDDY, GOT A DIME; I WANNA BUY SOME ACID OR SOME WINE OR BEER OR SOMTHIN....

LAZER-BURGERS $1.00

NOON BEER TAP

FANG

GET LOST SUCKER

THEY DIDN'T TALK LIKE THAT TO ME IN THE OLD DAYS, NO SIR, I USED TO BE "KING OF 'EM ALL", HRUMPF, OH WELL, WINE?, SPEED?, SKAG?, ???

UH OH, FORGOT, NEED MONEY FIRST, SAY!, THERE'S A FAMILIAR FACE!

HEY MISTER!

YA GOT A QUARTER, I'M TRYING TO GET A BUS, OR A SUBWAY, OR SOME WINE OR SOMETHIN....

ARE NOT THE POORHOUSES STILL IN OPERATION?, AND WHAT OF THE TREADMILL....

WHAT'S THE USE, NONE OF 'EM REMEMBER ME ANY-HOW, GUESS I'LL MAKE IT DOWN TO THE RIVER

ED, HONEY!, DIDJYA THINK YA COULD HIDE FROM ME FOREVER!?

HUH!

DIMPLES DONAHUE!!!, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE, (HACK COUGH) A'INT SEEN YOU SINCE YOU WERE A MERE TART!

DIDJYA MISS ME!

YOU BET!

I HOPE YOU'RE GONNA DO SOMTHIN BESIDE STARE!, I MEAN YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT!

UH, ER-

WELL, YA SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS, A LOT OF WATER HAS GONE UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE THE OLD DAYS AND I, ER, WELL.... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...

AW GEE, ED, DON'T SAY THAT, C'MON, TAKE ME SOMWHERE!

OKAY, YA TWISTED MY ARM

LATER, AT THE PALACE HOTEL...

OH, ED, OH!!

MUTHA!, A'INT COOKED LIKE THIS IN 20 YEARS, WHAT A PIECE OF TWAT!, MAN O'MAN, I'M BURNIN' UP!

MM-M-M-BH!

BUT THE OLD GEEZER WAS NOT ONLY "BURNING UP," HE WAS BURNED OUT.....

BOOSH

ED!, OH GOD, NO, PLEASE ED!, SPEAK TO ME, OH NO, NO!

THE BITTER END

AN AFTERWORD...

REMEMBER GANG, THIS STORY IS FROM THE FAR FUTURE AND PERSONALLY, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT, BUT EVEN IF IT'S TRUE, SO WHAT!, I GOT A LOT OF LIVIN' TO DO BETWEEN NOW AND THEN, SEE YA SOON!

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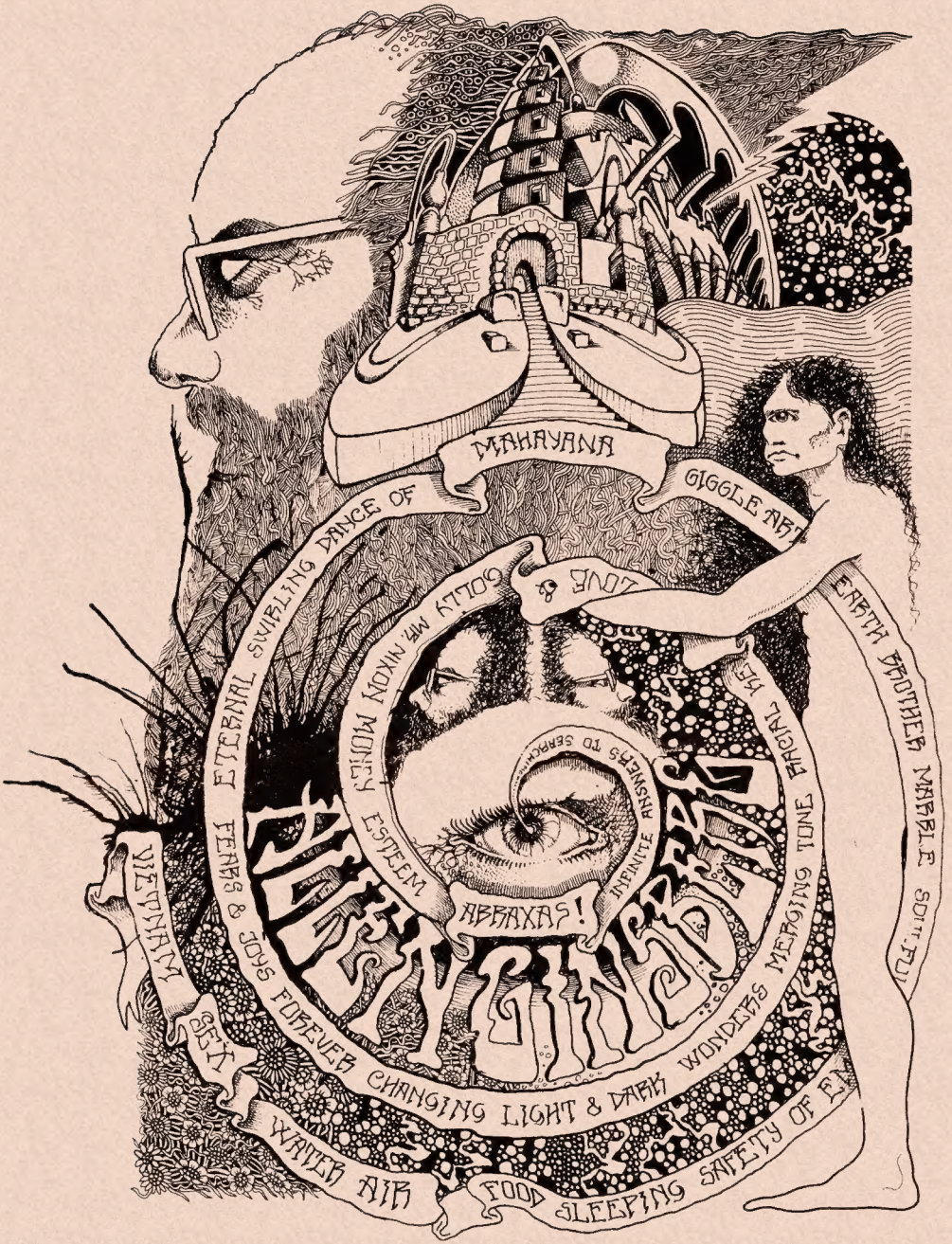
RAPE BRITISH NUNS, WILL YOU, YELLOW DEVILS? EAT MOLTEN DEATH!
WE'RE HIT, ROGER! SORRY, OLD FELLOW, BUT HERE'S WHERE I GO ON ALONE!
SKY DOLL
...Flash back to SKY DOLL, first lady of the air, and her Superplane Roger, soaring out of the sunset on her never-ending quest against the dread yellow peril...
JAPS! ROGER! LET'S GET 'EM!
...and so, SKYDOLL bails out over enemy territory...
WAIT!
AH SO! I, HON. GENERAL HAYAKAWA, HAVE CAPTURED SKYDOLL, BLOND DEMON FROM CLOUDS! YOU DIE NOW!
IS THERE NO WAY I CAN SAVE MYSELF?
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, HONORABLE SELF HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO STUDY AT AMELICAN UNIVERSITY, PERHAPS ONE DAY BE PRESIDENT!
IS THAT ALL?
And so we see SKY DOLL and her new friend sailing off into the Rising Sun, destination, California!
HAPPY ENDING!



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